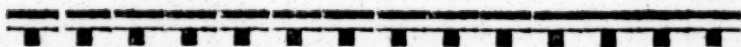
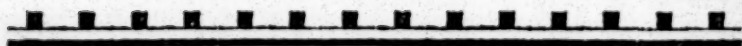


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T H E
FINAL AUDIT:
O R,
DAY OF RETRIBUTION.



[PRICE SIX-PENCE.]

1777

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T H E
FINAL AUDIT:

O R,
DAY OF RETRIBUTION.

A
P O E M.

*When Paul reasoned of Judgment to come,
Felix trembled.*

ACTS xxiv. 25.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXVII.

P R E F A C E.

IN an age when the press groans with works of an immoral tendency, which spreads its baleful influence far and wide amongst the youth of all ranks in life, almost to the contaminating the fountain of virtue itself; I hope it is needless to apologize for ushering again into the world the following sheets, on a subject the most important and interesting to all mankind, and in which we are persuaded each individual must bear a principal part, according to their different characters in the sight of an All-seeing Judge, who will most assuredly reward every man according to his works.*

With this view I acknowledge I was influenced to hold up a mirror to the thoughtless, the giddy, and the gay; who, by the means of poetry, might be allured to read, what otherwise perhaps they might not peruse with attention: and not only to those, but even the more serious and thinking part also, as a spur or goad, to keep them from lingering on their journey through life; and by any means to bring every reader to a serious consideration of their ways.

Now, as I would be very far from taking any thing from another, to which I had no right; I

A 2

here

* Rom. ii. 6. Rev. xx. 13.

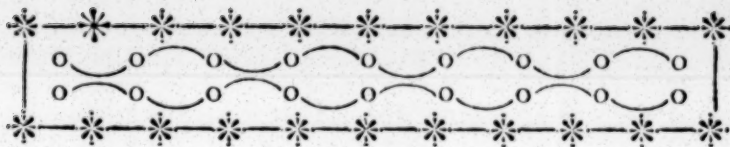
here acknowledge myself much beholden to a late excellent writer on this subject,* whose language I have adopted, and made free only in some places to alter some passages, to render it (in my apprehension) more suitable to modern times, and the state of my own feelings. — And another reason, which I must not omit, is, the genuine poem being printed only with the rest of the author's works; by which means the purchase is not so easy to many, and consequently lost to a considerable part of the community: I therefore had the smallness of the price in my view, as well as benevolence, in sending this to the press by itself.

If therefore my reader should by this means be brought to close in with the gracious intimations of Divine Wisdom, whilst they are extended, my design will be abundantly answered. And I hope I shall be thankful to Providence for being in some degree instrumental in so good a work.

Some may perhaps smile at my simplicity, and others pity my folly; yet if I am favoured with the approbation of peace in my own bosom, that is more to me than the smiles or frowns of the multitude.

J. A.

* E. YOUNG.



T H E

FINAL AUDIT:

O R,

DAY OF RETRIBUTION.

LET others sing the martial deeds of war,
 Or British heroes on triumphant car,
 Or earth's low prospects, and deceitful aims,
 Or wealth's allurements, or ambition's dreams;
 Smit with the love of sacred strains I sing,
 Fear tunes my voice, joy elevates my wing,
 To draw a mighty scene, a scene that yields
 Far louder clarions, and more dreadful fields;
 The world alarm'd, both * earth and heav'n o'er-
 thrown,
 And gasping nature's last tremendous groan,

A 3

Death's

Death's antient scepter broke,† the teeming tomb,
 The righteous judge, and man's eternal doom :
 'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,
 And ask my anxious heart, if it be mine :
 Whatever great or dreadful hath been done
 Within the sight of conscious stars, or sun,
 Is far beneath my daring : I look down
 On all the splendor of an earthly crown ;
 This orb is for my verse a narrow bound,
 Attend me, all ye glorious orbs around.

Oh, all ye angels! howfoe'er disjoin'd,
 Of every order, place, and various kind,
 Attend, and hear a feeble mortal's lays ;
 'Tis your ETERNAL KING I strive to praise.

But how, alas! my muse, whilst yet profane,
 How shalt thou dare to raise the heavenly strain,
 Till touch'd by thee,* Great Ruler, Lord of All,
 Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall ?
 If at thy nod, from discord, and from night,
 Sprang beauty, and yon sparkling orbs of light,
 Exalt ev'n me, all inward passions quell,
 The clouds and darkness of my mind expel ;
 To this grand subject thou my breast inspire,
 And raise my lab'ring soul with equal fire.

Man, bear thy brow aloft, view every grace
 In God's great offspring, beauteous nature's face ;

See

† 1 Cor. xv. 52.

* Isa. vi. 6.

See spring's gay bloom, see golden autumn's store,
See how earth smiles, and hear old ocean roar,
Leviathans but heave their cumb'rous mail,
It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies fail :
Here forests rise, the mountains awful pride,
Here rivers measure climes, and worlds divide ;
There vallies fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,
Hold kings, and kingdoms fortunes in their beds ;
There to the skies aspiring hills ascend,
And into distant lands their shades extend :
See cities, armies, fleets, of fleets the pride,
See Europe's law in Albion's channel ride,
View the whole earth's vast landscape unconfin'd,
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

Then let the firmament * thy wonder raise,
'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise :
How far from east to west ? the labouring eye
Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry :
Wide theatre ! where tempests play at large,
And God's right hand can all its wrath discharge.
Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the seasons, and the year controul,
They shine through time with an unalter'd ray,
See this grand period rise, and that decay ;
So *vast*, this world's a grain, yet myriads grace,
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal space ;
So *bright* with such a wealth of glory stor'd,
'Twere sin in *heathens* not to have ador'd.

How

* Psal. xix. 1 to 7.

How great, how firm, how sacred all appears!
 How worthy an immortal round of years!
 Yet all must drop,† as autumn's sickliest grain,
 And earth and firmament be sought in vain;
 The place forgot of mightiest monarch's throne,
 And ev'n that tract where constellations shone;
Time shall be slain, * all *nature* be destroy'd,
 Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner or later, in some future date,
 (A dreadful secret in the book of fate) ‡
 This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
 Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose,
 When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
 Old empires fall, and give new empires birth,
 While the still busy world is treading o'er
 The paths they trod five thousand years before,
 Thoughtless as those who *now* life's mazes run,
 Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun:
 (Ye sublunary worlds, awake, awake!
 Ye rulers of the nations, hear, and shake!)
 Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day,
 In sudden night all earth's dominions lay,
 Impetuous winds the scatter'd forest rend,
 Eternal mountains like their cedars bend,
 The vallies yawn, the troubled ocean roars,
 And breaks the bondage of his wonted shores,
 A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspreads,
 Darkness the circle of the sun invades,

From

† 2 Peter iii. 10 * Rev. x. 6. ‡ Rev. iii. 3. Matt. xxiv. 36.

From inmost heaven incessant thunders roll,
And the strong echo bounds from pole to pole.

When lo! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note,* the piercing call
Shall rattle in the center of the ball,
Th' extended circuit of creation shake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.

Oh, powerful blast! to which no equal sound
Did e'er the frightened ear of nature wound;
Though rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal through the sky;
Though God's whole engin'ry discharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

Have angels sinn'd, and shall not man beware?
How shall a son of earth decline the snare?
Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
Can promise for the safety of mankind,
None are supinely good; through care, and pain,
And various fears, the steep ascent we gain:
This is the scene of combat, not of rest,
Man's is laborious happiness at best;
On this side death his dangers never cease,
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

If

* Matt. xxiv. 31.

If then, obsequ'ous to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human state,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty smiles, or grandeur spreads her charms,
The conscious soul would *this* great scene display,
Call down th' immortal host in dread array,
The *trumpet* sound, the Christian banner spread,
And raise from silent graves the trembling dead;
Such deep impression would the picture make,
No power on earth her firm resolve could shake;
Engag'd with angels, she would greatly stand,
And look regardless down on sea and land;
Not proffer'd worlds her ardor could restrain,
And death might shake his threat'ning lance in vain,
Her certain conquest would endure the fight,
And danger serve but to supply delight.

Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring
Whence flow the terrors of *that day* I sing,
More boldly we our labours may pursue,
And all the dreadful image set to view:
The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast,
The burnish'd scale, curl'd hair, and rising crest,
All that is lovely in the noxious snake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us fly the brake:
The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise
In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy what once did horror move,
And strong aversion softens into love.

Say then, my muse, whom distant scenes delight,
 Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
 Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
 The last extremes of terror and despair,
 Oh say, what change on earth, what heart in man?
 The blackest moment since the world began.

Ah! mournful turn: the blissful earth, who late
 At leisure on her axle roll'd in state,
 While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
 Still onwards in their circling journey prest;
 A grateful change of seasons, some to bring
 The sweet vicissitude of fall and spring;
 Some through vast oceans to conduct the keel,
 And some those wat'ry worlds to sink or swell;
 Around her some their splendors to display,
 And gild her globe with tributary day:
 This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
 Heaven's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,
 Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
 Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair;
 No sun in radiant glory shines on high,
 No light but from the terrors of the sky;
 Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost,
 And all into a second chaos tost;
 One universal ruin spreads abroad,
 Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.

Such, earth, thy fate: what then canst thou afford
 To comfort and support thy guilty lord?

Man,

Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
 How must he bend his soul's ambition down?
 Prostrate the reptile own, and disavow
 His boasted stature, and assuming brow;
 Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form,
 That speaks distinction from his sister worm?
 What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade?
 Lord! why dost thou forsake what thou hast made?
 Who can sustain thy anger? who can stand
 Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
 Defend me, oh my God! Oh save me, Power
 Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou who beneath the frown of fate hast stood,
 And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood;
Thou who for me, through ev'ry throbbing vein,
 Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain;
 Whom death led captive to the realms below,
 And taught those horrid mysteries of woe;
 Defend me, oh my God! Oh save me, Power
 Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour!

From east to west they fly, from pole to line,
 Imploring shelter from the wrath divine,
 Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,
 Or rocks to yawn,* compassionately deep:
 Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom,
 And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown,
 While death sits threat'ning in his prince's frown;

His

His heart's disinay'd, and now his fears command
To change his native for a distant land ;
Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree
Stands in the channel, and blocks up the sea :
The port he seeks, obedient to her lord
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.
But why this idle toil, to paint that day ?
'Tis time elaborately thrown away ?
Words all in vain ! pant after the distress,
The height of eloquence would make it less :
Heav'n's, how the good man trembles——

And is there a Last Day ? And must there come
A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom ?
Ambition swell, and, thy proud sails to shew,
Take all the winds that vanity can blow ;
Wealth on a golden mountain blazing stand,
And reach an India forth in either hand ;
Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting vine ;
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright beauty, shine ;
Shine all, in all your charms together rise,
That all, in all your charms, I may despise,
While I mount upwards on a strong desire,
Borne, like Elijah, in a carr of fire,*
In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd,
To smile at death, to long to be dissolv'd,†
From our decays a pleasure to receive,
And kindle into transport at a grave.

B

What

* 1 Kings ii. 11.

† Phil. i. 23.

What equals *this*?—And shall the victor now
Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! Oh thou cherub, heavenly bright,
Oh, joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight,
Thou, thou art all, nor find I in the whole
Creation, aught but God and my own soul.

For ever, then, my soul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praise him more:
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame?
They all for him pursue, or quit their end,
The mounting flames their burning power suspend,*
In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,†
To rest and silence aw'd by his command;
Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
By nature dreadful, and athirst for blood,
His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.‡
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain,
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main?
When darkness round him all her horrors spread,
And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?
Two wond'rous days and nights thro' coral groves,
Through labyrinths of rocks and sands he roves,
When the third morning || with its level rays
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,

He

* Dan. iii. 27. † Exod. xiv. 22. ‡ Jonah i. 17.

|| Matt. xii. 40.

He sees the king of waters rise, and pour
His sacred guest uninjur'd on the shore, §
A type of that far greater bliss to come,
When man's Redeemer, bury'd in a tomb,
Should rise victorious o'er infernal powers,
Lead captive death, and break his prison doors.

Now man awakes, and from his silent bed,
Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head,
Shakes off the slumber of five thousand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Whate'er the bold, the rash advent'rer cost,
In wide eternity: I dare be lost—
The muse is wont, in narrow bounds to sing,
To touch the swain, or celebrate the king,
I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and sing to human-kind,
I sing to men and angels, angels join,
While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine.

Again the trumpet's intermitting sound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An universal concourse to prepare,
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air,
In some vast space, where active whirlwinds sweep,
Drive cities, forests, mountains to the deep,
To smooth and lengthen out the boundless space,
And spread an area for all human race:

B 2

Now

Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long-committed dust ;
Now charnels rattle, scatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones, obsequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance : the neck prepares to meet
The distant head, the distant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
To distant regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted members, and complete the frame.

When the world bow'd to Rome's most pow'rful
sword,
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confess'd her lord,
Yet one day lost, this deity below
Became the scorn and pity of his foe ;
His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made,
And smok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade ;
No trumpet's sound, no gasping army's yell
Bid with due honors his great soul farewell ;
Obscure his fall, all welt'ring in his gore
His trunk was cast to perish on the shore ;
While Julius frown'd the bloody monster dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head :
This sever'd head and trunk shall join once more,
Though realms now rise between, and oceans roar ;
The trumpet's sound each vagrant mote shall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air ;
Obey the signal, wafted in the wind,
And not one sleeping atom left behind.

So

That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
 Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,
 Now populous o'erflows, a num'rous race
 Of rising kings fills all th' extended space ;
 A life well spent,* not the victorious sword,
 Awards the crown, and stiles the greater lord ;
 Nor monuments alone, and burial earth,
 Labours with man to this his second birth,
 But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
 And gilded theatres invade the skies ;
 Nations shall wake, whose unrespectful bones
 Support the pride of their luxurious sons ;
 The most magnificent and costly dome
 Is but an upper-chamber to a tomb ;
 No spot on earth but has supply'd a grave,
 And human skulls the spacious ocean pave ; †
 All's full of man, and at this dreadful turn
 The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner rise ;
 Some lift with pain their flow, unwilling eyes,
 Shrink backwards from the terror of the light,
 And bless the grave, and call for lasting night ;
 Others, whose long attempted virtue stood
 Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rising flood,
 Whose firm resolve no beauty could melt down,
 Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown ;
 Such, in this day of horrors, shall be seen
 To face the thunder with a god-like mein ;

The

* Matt. xxv. 34.

† Rev. xx. 13.

The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above;
The center shakes, their hearts disdain to move;
An earth dissolving, and an heav'n thrown wide,
A yawning gulph, and fiends on ev'ry side,
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bless the dawn of everlasting day.

Here greatness prostrate falls, there strength gives
place;
Here lazars smile, there beauty hides her face;
Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans stand,†
A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band;
Some who perhaps by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,
In mutual friendship their long slumbers break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or warm
With juster confidence, enjoy the storm,
Than those whose pious bounties unconfin'd,
Have made them public fathers of mankind;
In that illustrious rank, what shining light!
With such distinguish'd glory fills my sight!
Bend down, my grateful muse, that homage show
Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe,
Beneath whose shades, and near whose chrystal
springs,
I first was taught to touch the trembling strings;

All

† Acts x. 34.

All hail! twice honour'd, 'twas your great renown
To bless a people, and oblige a crown;
And now you rise eternally to shine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.

Indulgent God! Oh how shall mortal raise
His soul to due returns of grateful praise,
For bounty so profuse to human kind?
The wond'rous gift of an eternal mind!
Shall I, who some few years ago was less
Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express,
Was nothing, shall I live, when ev'ry fire,
And ev'ry star shall languish, or expire?
When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
And through the radiant files of angels move?
Or, as before the throne of God I stand,
See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand,
Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how Michael fung, or fought?
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of love divine.

But Oh! before this blissful state, before
Th' aspiring soul this wond'rous height can soar,
The Judge descending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.

This wond'rous scene I next presume to draw,
Attend, Oh mortals, with religious awe!

Expect

Expect not here the known successful arts,
To win attention, and command our hearts :
Fiction, be far away : let no machine,
Descending here, no fabled god be seen ;
Behold, the God of gods indeed descend,*
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend.

Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space
Must entertain the whole of human race ;
At heaven's all-pow'rful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard,
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below ;
Adam salutes his youngest son, no sign
Of all those ages which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, or how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart ?
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been
 spent,
To fix a hero's birth-day, or descent ?
What joy doth it now yield ? What raptures raise,
To see the glorious race of antient days ?
To greet those worthies, who perhaps have flood
Illustrious on record before the flood ?
Alas ! a nearer care thy soul demands ;
Cæsar unnotic'd in thy presence stands.

How

* 1 Theff. iv. 16.

How vast the concourse, not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vault above,
Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one empire fall, another stand,
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, whilst breaking
dawn,

Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on.
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield;
Another blow had broke the fates decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy;
Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's host,
They all are here, and here they all are lost;
Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.
This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
For Judgment, Judgment, sons of men, prepare!
Earth shakes anew, I hear her groans profound,
And hell through all her trembling realms resound.

Who art thou ? art thou greatest power of earth,
Blest with most equal planets at thy birth ?
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
Most realms united in one common lord ?
Who on the day of triumph saidst, Be thine
The skies, Jehovah ! all this world is mine ?
Dare not to lift thine eyes—alas ! my muse,
How art thou lost ! what numbers canst thou chuse ?

A sudden

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
And now the crimson curtains open fly :
Lo ! far within, and far above all height,
Where heaven's Dread Sov'reign reigns in worlds
of light,

Whence nature he informs, and with one ray,
Shot from his eyes, does all his works survey,
Creates, supports, confounds, where time and place,
Matter, and form, and fortune, life, and grace,
Wait humbly at the footstool of our God,
And move obedient at his awful nod ;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-suspended ball,
(Speck of creation) : if he pour one breath,
The bubble bursts, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing, I beheld, (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light)
I see on an empyreal flying throne,
Sublimely rais'd, Heaven's * Everlasting Son,
Crown'd with that majesty that form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd :
Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant Prince ;
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light :
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows ;

Where'er

* Matt. xxv. 31.

Where'er serene he turns propitious eyes,
 Or we expect, or find a paradise—
 But if resentment reddens their mild beams
 The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames;
 On one hand knowledge shines in purest light,
 On one the sword of justice fiercely bright;
 Now bend the knee * in sport, present the reed,
 Now tell the scourg'd impostor he shall bleed.

Thus glorious through the courts of heav'n the
 Source
 Of life and death eternal bends his course,
 Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play,
 Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array,
 Some touch the string, some strike the sounding
 shell,
 And mingling voices in rich concert swell,
 Voices seraphic, blest with such a strain,
 Could Satan hear, he were a god again!

Triumphant King of Glory, Soul of Bliss,
 What a stupendous turn of fate is this?
 Oh, whether art thou rais'd above the scorn
 And indigence of him in Beth'lem born?
 A needy, helpless, unaccounted † guest,
 And but a second to the fodder'd beast?
 How chang'd from him who meekly prostrate laid,
 Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet ‡ himself had made?

From

* Matt. xxvii. 29. † Luke ii. 7. ‡ John xiii. 14.

“ Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
“ And from his course turn back Omnipotence ?
“ Forbid it : and, oh grant, great God, at least
“ This one, this slender, almost no request :
“ When I have wept a thousand lives away,
“ When torment is grown weary of its prey ;
“ When I have rav’d ten thousand years in fire,
“ Ten thousand, thousand, let me then expire.”

Deep anguish ! but too late—the hopeless soul,
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Though loth, and ever loud blaspheming owns
He’s justly doom’d to pour eternal groans,
Inclos’d with horrors, and transfixt with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain :
To talk to fiery tempests, to implore
The raging flames to give its burning o’er,
To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended God.

The favor’d of their Judge in triumph move,
To take possession of their thrones above,
Satan’s accurs’d desertion to supply,
And fill the vacant stations of the sky,
Again to kindle long extinguish’d rays,
And with new light dilate the heav’nly blaze,
To crop the roses of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth,
To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,
And lift the voice to their Almighty King,

To lose eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heaven's wide circumference with praise.

But I attempt the wond'rous height in vain,
And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain :
What boldly I design, let others end,
My strength exhausting, fainting I descend,
And chuse a less, but no ignoble theme,
Dissolving elements, and worlds in flame.

The fatal period, the great hour is come,
And nature shrinks at her approaching doom ;
Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all
Heav'n's terrors in array surround the ball,
Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conspire,
And darting downwards set the world on fire ;
Black rising clouds the thicken'd æther choak,
And spiry flames shoot thro' the rising smoke,
With keen vibrations cut the fullen night,
And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light,
From heav'n's four regions with immortal force,
Angels drive on the winds impetuous course,
T'enrage the flames, it spreads, it soars on high,
Swells in the storms, and bellows thro' the sky,
Here winding pyramids of fire ascend,
Cities, and desarts in one ruin blend ;
Here blazing volumes wafted, overwhelm
The spacious face of a far distant realm ;
There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,
The neighb'ring vales the vast destruction fills.

Heardst

Heardst thou that dreadful crack, that sound which
broke

Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook,
What wonders must the groan of nature tell,
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas fell,
Which seem'd above the reach of fate to stand,
A tow'ring monument of God's right hand,
Now dust and smoke, whose brow so lately spread
O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive head.

Shew me that celebrated spot, where all
The various rulers of the sever'd ball
Have humbly fought wealth, honour, and redreiss,
That land which heav'n seem'd diligent to bless,
Once call'd Britannia, can her glories end?
And can't surrounding seas her realms defend?
Alas! in flames behold surrounding seas,
Like oil, their waters but augment the blaze.

Some angels say, where ran proud Asia's bound?
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?
Where stretch'd waste Lybia, where did India's
store
Sparkle in di'monds, and her golden ore?
Each lost in each, their mingled kingdoms glow,
And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.

And

And now whatever swims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of sea, or earth or skies,*
All on whom Adam's wisdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and perish in the conqu'ring flame,
This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aspire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heavens their
prey;

The sun, the moon, the stars, all † melt away ;
All, all is lost : no monument, no sign
Where once so proudly blaze the gay machine :
So bubbles on the foaming streams expire,
So sparks, that scatter from the kindling fire.
The devastations of one dreadful hour
The great Creator's six days work devour ;
A mighty, mighty ruin ! yet one soul
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole ;
Exalted in superior excellence,
Casts down to nothing such a vast expence ;
Have ye not seen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth dissolving, a descending God ?
What strange surprises thro' all nature ran !
For whom these revolutions, but for man ?
For him Omnipotence new measures takes ;
For him thro' all eternity awakes,
Pours on him gifts, sufficient to supply
Heav'n's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.
Think deeply then, oh man, how great thou art,
Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart :

Encl.

What

* 2 Pet. iii. 10.

† Joel iii. 15.

What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect;
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
And gaze, and wonder there, a ravish'd guest,
Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,
Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind,
Of perfect knowledge see the dawning light,
Foretells a noon most exquisitely bright;
Here springs of endless joy are breaking forth.
There buds the promise of celestial worth;
Worth which must ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter sun, beyond the bounds of time;
Thou, minor, canst not guess thy vast estate,
What stores on foreign coast thy landing wait,
Lose not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod,
Thus glad all heav'n, and please the bounteous God,
Who to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky;
That service done, its beams shall fade away,
And God shine forth in one eternal day.

T H E E N D.

